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HUNTER.— REPLY TO DYCE'S ANIMADVERSIONS. 1853.

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A FEW WORDS IN REPLY TO THE ANIMADVERSIONS OF THE REVEREND MR. DYCE ON MR. HUNTER'S "DISQUISITION ON THE TEMPEST" (1839); AND HIS "NEW ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LIFE, STUDIES AND WRITINGS OF SHAKESPEARE" (1845); CONTAINED IN HIS WORK ENTITLED "A FEW NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE: WITH OCCASIONAL REMARKS ON THE EMENDATIONS OF THE MANUSCRIPT-CORRECTOR IN MR. COLLIER'S COPY OF THE FOLIO, 1632." BY THE AUTHOR OF THE DISQUISITION AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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A FEW WORDS,

&c. &c.

Controversy is seldom a pleasant occupation, and it is not always that it is profitable, either to the persons who engage in it, or to the public. But if there is anything in literature in which conflict may be engaged in without animosity, and some good be expected to arise out of the collision of two independent minds directed on the same subject, it must surely be the settlement of the grossly corrupted text of the old editions of England's most favourite Poet, where to be found mistaken can be no disgrace,—so open are innumerable passages to variety of explanation, and which must be left at last in an undetermined state; while firmly to establish a true reading where a wrong one has long had possession of the public ear, is an honourable and useful achievement, since it adds something to the innocent pleasures of the thousands to whom these writings are a perpetual feast,—something also to the honour of the Poet.

I see therefore, not without satisfaction, mind so often pitched against mind in this field, and I do not feel myself quite unwilling to enter into such a controversy when I am called out to do so. Not that every person who pretends to set himself up as a critic and controversialist on these

writings is entitled to notice. I do not, for instance, think that a Quarterly Reviewer, who tells the public that Shakespeare was an occasional reader in Stith's 'History of Virginia,' and that Meres, when he enumerated the dramas of Shakespeare, meant by *Love Labours Lost* and *Love Labours Won,* one and the same play, is entitled to a reply. But when a man like Mr. Dyce, a great part of whose life has been devoted to the study of these writings, who has laid before the world so many proofs of his vast extent of knowledge, of his fine taste, and his penetrating intellect, comes forth to the attack, if one were less disposed to controversy, or if one saw less advantage likely to result from it, it is not easy to feel that we can afford to be silent, and to leave the question between us to the judgment of the present time, or what is better in this the commercial age of literature, to the judgment of posterity.

I therefore propose to examine the objections which Mr. Dyce makes to a few of the criticisms in the two works in which I have thrown my mite into the treasury of Shakespeare Illustration; and I do so with the greater willingness, because I am convinced that he intended nothing unfriendly in the corrections, as he regards them, of my mistakes; and I am sure that he will not suppose that I am actuated by any unfriendly feeling towards him.

I shall take the passages in the order in which they occur in Mr. Dyce's volume; and this leads me to speak first of a criticism on an opinion which I have long entertained, though not before avowed; for, contrary to my expectation, I do not find it either in the 'Disquisition' or in the larger work. When Prospero (*Tempest,* act iv, sc. 1) says to Ferdinand,

> If I have too austerely punished you,
> Your compensation makes amends; for I
> Have given you a third of mine own life,
> Or that for which I live—

the editors of Shakespeare have taken the great liberty of changing the word "third" into "thread," and they would have us believe that the original printers of this play have given us "third" by a mere misreading of the manuscript placed before them. Mr. Collier's manuscript corrector places in his margin "thrid" as a substitute for "third." He might mean "thread," but that is not quite clear, and it is supposed that this new reading adds support to the conjecture of the modern editors.

Mr. Dyce thinks the conjecture did not need this support, and that this is only one of the many instances in which the supposed corrections of the unknown annotator are of not the slightest value. "In case any future editor should still be inclined to make Prospero term Miranda 'a *third* of his life,' it may be well to remark here, that in the language of poetry, from the earliest times, a beloved object has always been spoken of, not as a *third*, but the HALF of another's life or soul. So Meleager, ἀμισύ μευ ψυχῆς; and Horace, 'Animæ dimidium meæ.'"

All this is very true: but Shakespeare had a finer and deeper meaning than this, and I cannot but wonder that Mr. Dyce, whose acquaintance with the stores of ancient poetry is perhaps not less complete than his acquaintance with the Elizabethian poetry of his own country, did not recollect the following passage in the Carmen Nuptiale, the Epithalamium, of Catullus:—

At tu ne pugna cum tali conjuge, virgo.
Non æquum est pugnare, pater quoi tradidit ipse,
Ipse pater cum matre, quibus parere necesse est:
Virginitas non tota tua est: ex parte parentum est:
Tertia pars patri data, pars data tertia matri,
Tertia sola tua est: noli pugnare duobus,
Qui genero sua jura simul cum dote dederunt.
Hymen o Hymenæe, Hymen ades, o Hymenæe.

Carmen, lxii.

Father, mother, and daughter, are so bound together, that they form but one soul, one life; so that each was but the third part of one whole. This appears to be the meaning of the ancient poet, and this, as seems to me, is the sense in which we are to regard the expression "the third of mine own life," as used by Shakespeare. The giving a daughter in marriage is the subject of both.

Catullus had not been translated: perhaps not. But Shakespeare had a much more extensive acquaintance with the language, the opinions, and the men of the times called classical, than his commentators, since the time of Farmer, have thought it safe for themselves to allow him.

I must now ask the reader to accompany me into the line-grove. Nothing is more vividly pourtrayed, nothing in Shakespeare is more picturesque, than the cell of Prospero, "weather-fended" with line-trees; something resembling, we may believe, the retired residences of the citizens of London, which, according to old Gerarde, were often overshadowed by the line or linden tree. It will be observed by any diligent reader of this play how carefully the poet keeps in view the particular kind of tree which grew near the cell, so apt at

once as a protection from the blast and as furnishing in its blossoms (favourites, above all other flowers, of the bee) an abode for Ariel, or at least as affording nourishment adapted to his sylph-like character—

Where the bee sucks, there suck I,

that is, in the line-tree blossoms, which are kept so constantly before us.

When the glistering apparel is to be placed as a temptation to the clownish marauders who were about to invade the cell, Prospero says to his "airy spirit"

Come, hang them on this line;

meaning, as seems to me quite evident, on the spreading branches of one of the line-trees: but no, say the players—no, say all other commentators; they were to be hung on a certain clothes-line, a hair-line for drying wet linen which happened to be there. I submit that there is no poetry in this; that the passage is greatly debased, if so understood; that it loses all its beauty; that a most inelegant idea intrudes itself; and that it is necessary for the honour of the Poet himself that the passage should be understood differently.

I do not so much wonder at the players preferring a clothes-line, because it was so much better adapted to the convenience of a theatre; I do not so much wonder that the editors and commentators yielded what was perhaps their own judgment, to the authority of what they might suppose an ancient traditionary usage of the theatres, though it is not, I believe, known that *The Tempest* was performed between the time of Shakespeare and its revival with alterations by Davenant and Dryden; and especially since the "line" of the old copies

became silently altered into "lime," another name for the same tree. But when once the true meaning of the passage has been suggested, I must take the freedom to say that, with all the respect I have for the fine taste and generally accurate judgment of Mr. Dyce, I do feel surprised that he should lend his authority to a meaning which he must perceive to be a vulgar debasement of a fine position, when there is so much to be said for another meaning which is perfectly in harmony with the whole tenor and ordonnance of the play.

Mr. Dyce relies upon a joke of Stephano, "Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair." What this means I do not quite understand, and I am sure it is not worth searching into. It probably has no positive meaning; but it certainly does not necessarily imply any connection with a clothes-line, even though it were made of twisted hair. Mr. Dyce says that other objections might be urged to my explanation. I wish he had presented us with them. I, of course, on such a new view of the sense, thinking that I have here redeemed the credit of Shakespeare, can admit of no reserve or compromise, though perfectly willing to yield my own convictions on the production of sufficient evidence for the clothes-line. Till then I adhere to what I have ventured to promulgate, and still more should be disposed to maintain, that when the clowns are jesting about the word "line," in such phrases as these, "Now is the jerkin under the *line*," and "We steal by *line* and level," the passages are better explained, if any sense worth searching for is to be found in them, by referring them not to the clothes-line, but to the line trees under which they were furtively creeping to the cell where they thought to surprise Prospero in his sleep.

Pass we from this beautiful romantic comedy to the play in which Shakespeare has exhibited so many of his countrymen

in their peculiar humours—*The Merry Wives of Windsor:* and in it to the words of Falstaff concerning Mrs. Ford, "She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation" (act i, sc. 3). Mr. Collier finds that his manuscript-corrector has anticipated the modern editors, and substituted in the margin "craves" for "carves," and he puts this forward as a proof of the value of those corrections. To me it appears to be a change damaging to the reputation of him who made it; to be one of the instances in which finding a word that was not familiar to him, he strikes it out and substitutes one of his own, better known, and which seemed to him to suit the passage as well. I hold it certain that any old copy of these writings, such as Mr. Collier would have us suppose his manuscript-corrector had before him, must have presented him with "carves" not with "craves." Mr. Dyce is very strong in his remarks on the substitution, and rightly so: and I have a special obligation to him for defending my restoration of the true word in this place from an animadversion of Mr. Halliwell, who quite misunderstood the meaning of a passage which he quoted. The passage from Herbert's *Prophecy of Cadwalladar*, which first led me to perceive that the old copies here presented us with the true reading, and that the passage had been much impaired by the weak attempt to improve it, appears to me still to be the best authority we have for *carve*.

> Then did this queen her wandering coach ascend,
> Whose wheels were more inconstant than the wind:
> A mighty troop this empress did attend:
> There might you Caius Marius *carving* find,
> And martial Sylla courting Venus kind.

and I feel somewhat doubtful, but I speak with diffidence,

whether in one or more of the three passages cited by Mr. Dyce, there may not be an allusion to the familiar action of carving at table. However, "crave" is, I think, dismissed from this place to the tomb of the Capulets.

The Comedy of Errors is a Grecian story. The place at which the Syracusan merchant is to suffer the execution of his sentence is called "The place of depth and sorry execution." This word "depth" has been changed to "death," in all the modern editions, and Mr. Collier finds "death" substituted for "depth" in the manuscript-corrections of his folio. I dare say nine-tenths of the readers of Shakespeare would approve of this change. To me it is a sad weakening of the passage, and the change appears to be made on the same principle which is applied to the word "carve," namely, that when a critic finds a word which he does not remember to have met before, or which in the connection in which it presents itself he does not understand, he is at liberty to substitute one of his own, which he thinks will suit the place.

Our great writers, and especially our great poets, ought not to be dealt with thus. I can understand critics of the lower form acting thus, but I should not have expected it from Mr. Dyce, who will not accept my restoration of the old and only authoritative lection, but will still have "the place of death." We have no other reason given by Mr. Dyce, or by the editor who first made the change, than that "death" is a more intelligible word in the place than "depth." But I presume that Shakespeare knew perfectly well that where the executions among the Greeks took place, there was to be found a deep pit, the Βαραθρὸν, into which criminals were sometimes thrown, and that the place, therefore, where the execution of the Syracusan was to be performed, was where the Bara-

thrum was, and that "Barathrum" might, according to the practice of the time, be rendered "The Place of Depth," the deep and horrid pit.

I wonder, therefore, that I have not here the support of such a scholar as Mr. Dyce, and, if we take it as a question of taste only, that he has not perceived that the passage loses something of its force by the substitution of "death" for "depth." As to the mode of thus representing proper names from the ancient languages in English words, I certainly can by no means approve it as on a proper principle of translation; but I can show that it was a practice of the time, and of Shakespeare in particular, and that, therefore, there is no objection to the reading of the old copies on that account. What is "Old Free Town" in *Romeo and Juliet* but the name of an Italian city turned into English; and "Man's Life" in *The Tempest* is best explained as being an Anglicising of the name of some African city, possibly Zoa, or Biserta or some other place into the name of which Βίος entered. In Maundevile's Travels we have "Evil Town." So also "Mars-hill," in the Acts of the Apostles, is a rendering of Areopagus, on this same principle.

I venture, therefore, in opposition to the acknowledged authority of Mr. Dyce, to express the hope that "place of depth" will be retained from the old copies, whenever (if ever) we have an edition of these glorious writings which does full justice to the mighty mind which produced them.

The appositeness of the quotation from the uncastrated copy of *Every Man in his Humour*, lies in the proof that the word "Barathrum" was known about the theatres in the time of Shakespeare, and was known as the exponent of a deep and horrid pit,—emphatically "a Place of Depth."

There is a scene in *Love Labours Lost* which has always

appeared to me to possess much beauty, and to have been too much neglected by the commentators, and indeed not rightly in one place interpreted by one of the most eminent among them. I mean the scene at the shooting-stand, and the conversation between the princess and the poor forester whom she draws into so many embarrassments. I took some pains with it, in my *New Illustrations;* but I must honestly confess that there was one line in it which I could not introduce into any consecutive exposition of the passage, or in other words, which I did not understand. And I now, having spoken in two instances in disparagement of the corrections, so called, in Mr. Collier's folio, am happy to express my thanks to Mr. Collier and to the unknown corrector for having relieved me from all difficulty, and brought this line to conform itself to what now appears evidently to be the scope of the passage. The line is this:—"O heresy in fair, fit for these days," following upon the line "See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit." The corrector substitutes "faith" for "fair."

I regard this as one of the most decisive and most valuable of the suggestions of the old corrector. There are several others which are good, very good; though perhaps not so many as to justify all the clamour with which these corrections have been introduced. But here we have what had escaped all former critics on the text, and a reading which gives out a just and very appropriate sense:—

> See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit:
> O heresy in faith, fit for these days!
> A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

The saving by merit rather than by belief being the heresy alluded to; instanced in the praise given by the affrighted

forester to the princess's beauty, when she had slipped the money into his hand.

Mr. Collier need not have expressed himself with so much reserve; and I submit to Mr. Dyce, whether on consideration he will pronounce the corrector of the folio of 1632 "altogether wrong." If he retain that opinion, I would gladly know how he would interpret "O, heresy in *fair*," granting him what he requires, that "fair" shall be read as a substantive.

The garden scene in *The Merchant of Venice* is one of such exquisite beauty, that no one can feel at his ease who is conscious that he may have contributed, however unintentionally, to the deterioration of any one passage in it. I therefore gladly embrace this as the first fitting opportunity for retracting the choice which I made among the varying lections of the old copies in respect of one word :—

> Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold.

Some of the copies read "patens," some "pattents." I gladly yield to Mr. Dyce who has here, as I now think, set me right. When I adopted the old reading, "patterns," I thought that Shakespeare was alluding to the stars in their constellations, rather than to the stars as single objects of contemplation; not sufficiently adverting to two circumstances: first, the use of the word "inlaid" which suits better with a single star than a constellation; and secondly, that the pattern of a mosaic work, or of a flowered or spotted damask, implies a repetition of the same figure in the same order, which is not found in the constellations. I, therefore, submit to the correction of Mr. Dyce, and admit that what is meant is that "The floor of heaven is thickly inlaid with plates or circular ornaments of

bright gold," expressed by "pattens" or "patents." At the same time I cannot think this among the happiest conceptions of the poet.

In *The Taming of the Shrew* we have in the speech which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Tranio, an unfaithful tutor—

I. 1.

Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.

It was certainly matter of some surprise that Mr. Collier, who ought to know something of what has been done in the criticism on these plays, should so exult on finding "ethics" instead of "checks," in his manuscript-corrector, as if it were a suggestion valuable in itself, and now for the first time made. It has not escaped the notice of several persons who have written on this annotated folio, that the same change had been suggested long ago by Sir William Blackstone; and though I do not, because I think there is a sense in which the passage may be understood, keeping the word "checks" of the authoritative copies, and regarding the manuscript-corrector only as one of the conjectural emendators, pronounce a decided opinion that "ethics" must be the true reading, yet I adhere to what I wrote several years ago on this passage:— "Blackstone's suggestion of 'Aristotle's ethics,' for 'Aristotle's checks,' is so plausible and so happy, that it must place an editor in doubt at least concerning the propriety of adhering, when any sense is to be made of it, to the original printed text."

I have restored in a note on the same passage a far more important word from the old copies, "balk."

Balk logic, with th' acquaintance which you have,

where all the modern editors have most unceremoniously dismissed "balk" and have introduced "talk;" thus showing that they had no proper conception of the scope and meaning of either "balk" or "acquaintance."

The "Midnight Bell" in *King John* (act iii, sc. 3) has long been taken for a clock bell striking the hour of one; and is so still, if we may judge from the labours of Mr. Dyce on these plays, notwithstanding the explanation of the passage which I gave in 1845.

If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowsy race of night.

Is it possible that this can mean the striking of a hammer on the outside of a bell; is it possible that the poet can have meant anything else but the sound emitted from the inside of a bell, when a pendulous clapper strikes against the inner surface; or that "sound on" can denote anything else but continuous sounding; not striking as on a clock bell, which whether twelve times or once, is soon to cease. Mr. Collier's corrected copy has "ear of night," for "race of night;" which Mr. Dyce joyfully adopts—I contend that "race of night" is the true reading, both as having the authority of the original copies, and as being far more poetical; and therefore what we might rather expect from Shakespeare: as being capable of justification also, from another passage—

V. 1. MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
This palpable gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night.—

I have written at large on this passage in the *New Illustrations*, vol. ii, p. 8-13. The conclusion at which I arrive is that Shakespeare had not a clock bell in his mind at all, but a funeral bell tolling at midnight, as the corpse of some eminent person was being conveyed to the sepulchre of his ancestors.

Mr. Dyce objects to the explanation which I have given of the word "quill," which occurs in the second part of *King Henry the Sixth*—"My masters, let's stand close: my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill" (act i, sc. 3). Finding no assistance from the commentators, and finding the word "quill" used by Sylvester for narrow passages, I thought it probable that this might be its meaning in this place, that there would be a crowd of persons standing close, so as to leave but a narrow alley, along which the protector would have to walk, who would so be easily accessible to any of the crowd who might wish to place their petitions in his hands. Mr. Dyce, however, thinks this a mistake, and would read "quoil" or "coil," meaning bustle or tumult. I shall not dispute it with him, because I think both of them a little uncertain: and so thought Mr. Collier's manuscript-corrector, whose reading "sequel" I must honestly confess I think worse than either.

Before leaving the histories I will beg the reader's attention to a criticism on a passage in the play of *King Henry the Eighth*, though it is not called for by anything in Mr. Dyce's *Few Notes*, or by Mr. Collier's *Notes and Emendations*, or by Mr. Singer's *Vindication*.

In the edition usually called Boswell's Malone, we find the character given of Wolsey by the Duke of Norfolk printed thus, as the best that could be made of the old copies:—

I. 1.

Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For being not propp'd by ancestry (whose grace
Chalks successors their way), nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note
The force of his own merit makes his way:
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

It is clear that this cannot be what Shakespeare wrote; it is so unintelligible; yet the original copies are less intelligible still in the part which I restored:—

but spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web. O! gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way:
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

This in 1845 I restored thus:

but spider-like,
Out of himself drawing his web. O! this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way.
A gift that heaven has given him buys for him
A place next to the king.

and I have since found a valuable confirmation of this view of the sense of the passage, and at the same time a further proof of the attention which Shakespeare seems to have given to the books of Impresses and Emblems of the time: for it is certain that the spider raising itself by its own web, spun

"out of itself" is to be found in some book of Emblems of a date before the time of Shakespeare, as the representative of the man who rises to eminence, as Wolsey did, by the mere force of his own unaided genius and energy.

I cannot refer to the particular book of Emblems in which it is found, though I have looked at several; and I know of it only by the following passage in a writer contemporary with Shakespeare, which is, however, quite sufficient to the purpose, and more than sufficient, as it shows how another Englishman of some note was wrought upon in his youth by the instructive and encouraging Emblem.

Hugh Sandford wrote a treatise, 'De descensu Domini nostri,' &c. It was printed at Amsterdam, 4to, 1611, being edited by another Englishman, Robert Parker, who in the preface has introduced several particulars of Sandford's life and character, and amongst other things tells us—"Delectabatur ille in juventute suâ maximopere, picturâ araneœ proprio filo scandentis, cum hoc symbolo 'Ego debeo nulli;' nec immerito. Id enim maxime mirum quod ad sublime fastigium (loquor cum Salomone) proprio Marte araneæ ad instar enisus sit: et quanquam αὐτοδίδακτος esset," &c. It will not, I think, be doubted that Shakespeare owed this figure to the very print which fixed itself in the imagination and affections of Sandford: possibly even that print may have had some effect on the mind and life of Shakespeare himself.

Few single words have afforded more trouble to the editors and commentators than the word "Runaways," in a well-remembered passage of *Romeo and Juliet* (act iii, sc. 2), and few words have received so many unhappy substitutions. Mr. Collier finds in his manuscript-corrector that he says the true reading is "enemies;" "unawares," has met with

several patrons; "sunaway" with some. And now comes Mr. Dyce with "roving," which makes the blank verse halt for it. After all, none of them, it seems to me, are at all to be preferred to the text as we have it, "that runaways' eyes may wink." It is not in Shakespeare's best manner, but then the greatest poet is not always in his finest mood. "Runaways" I understand to be the same as "Runagates," for which we have a kind of authority, a poor one I allow, in Dyche's 'Dictionary,' 1735, "Runagate or Runaway, a rover or wanderer." This approaches nearly to Mr. Dyce's sense of the passage, without destroying the measure. Juliet wishes that the night may be so pitchy dark, that should Romeo meet with any runagates (runaways) wandering about the streets, he may not be recognised, or even observed by them. Till something better is suggested, an editor of Shakespeare would do best to adhere in this passage to the text as the old copies present it to him.

In another passage of this play (act iv, sc. 4) the nurse says, "Go, you cotquean, go." And finding "cutquean" in Golding's Ovid used in a sense which could be applied only to a female, it appeared to me that this free expression must be addressed to Lady Capulet, and not to her husband. My idea was that there ought to have been a break at "go;" that having thus in her unceremonious manner dismissed the lady, she then turned herself to Capulet himself. Mr. Dyce is quite right in saying that the context sufficiently disproves the notion, that the nurse was speaking to the lady, if we take the passage without the break. Mr. Dyce further says, that Golding writes, "cucquean". Not always—for in my copy of Golding, 4to, 1593, printed by John Danter, Sign, l. iv, we have—

But she considering that
Queen Progne was a cutquean made by means of her.

He does, however, write "cucquean" in another place. On the whole, I now agree with Mr. Dyce, and others, in thinking that the "cotquean" of the nurse does mean "a man that busies himself in women's affairs," and that the whole of what the nurse says is addressed to Capulet. The jealoushood which might appear naturally enough to arise out of the use of such a word as that which the nurse used, seems to have an origin later in the dialogue.

I am unwilling to enter again on anything like a full exposition of the view which I take of the instigation scene in *Macbeth*, especially with so slight an invitation as the remarks of Mr. Dyce on the substitution of "boast" for "beast" by Mr. Collier's manuscript-corrector. I perfectly agree with him that there is no propriety in such a substitution; on the contrary, it appears to me a material deterioration of a text already sufficiently corrupt. "Beast" is best defended, if it can be defended at all, by Mr. Foster, in the passage quoted from him by Mr. Dyce, as used in opposition to "Man;" but this explanation, though very uncertain, will appear more deserving of acceptance, if we take it in connection with the restoration of the words forming the context, as given by me in 1845.

It is very much to be regretted that we should find Mr. Collier, an editor of two editions of Shakespeare, recollecting so little of the varieties of text in this much talked of scene, as to state in terms, after giving us the text,

I dare do all which may become a man,
Who dares do more is none—

"We give the text as it has appeared in every edition from the earliest in 1623 to our own day." This is strange, passing strange! and exceedingly mischievous, as it tends to fix in the public mind a delusion respecting this passage of a very important kind. The real state of the case is, that so far from this being the reading of *every edition*, it is the reading of *no edition* of any authority. It is the mere substituted reading of some modern editor, probably Rowe or Theobald, who could not restore the passage as it ought to have been restored. I wonder that Mr. Dyce did not perceive and remark this; for he must well know that the first and second folio (there is no quarto of Macbeth), instead of presenting us with the reading which Mr. Collier says they do, with one consent, give us,

> I dare do all which may become a man,
> Who dares no more is none.

The change is but in a single letter, but it is a most potent change; and no one has had any right to change the "no" of Shakespeare himself into "do."

Still some change is required. The passage is in some way corrupt. But as it has appeared to me, and as I believe it will appear to any person who will take the old copies, and laying aside all the prejudice which the constant perusal of the sophisticated modern editions may have engendered, examine them with close attention, the restoration is not to be effected by altering the poet's text, but by making a change in the person speaking, and there is ample evidence in other parts of this play that the stage directions, as they are called, cannot be depended on. Read it thus:—

MACBETH.
I dare do all that may become a man.

LADY MACBETH.
Who dares no more is none.

He who on a great occasion such as this cannot lay aside the ordinary feelings of humanity, and the thought of what weak people may think to be becoming, is unworthy the name of man. Then the idea of a "beast" as a contrast to "man," naturally introduces itself, and she says, "what beast was it then which made you break this enterprise to me?"

"Boast," however we read the passage, and however we assign the several members in the dialogue to each of the two speakers, can have nothing to support it. I cannot however but think, as I formerly suggested, that "beast" intrudes, and got in in a way somewhat peculiar; that "was 't" was, by mistake of the scribe, written twice, and that some person wishing to adhere as closely as might be to the manuscript before him, took an ill-written "wast" for "beast." I hope I shall not be thought to be endeavouring unduly to bring any work of mine under the notice of the public, if I request from the lovers of Shakespeare, and especially those who are critical readers of him, to peruse what I have written in the *New Illustrations* on this and some other scenes of this noble Tragedy, vol. ii, pp. 152-201.

A remark upon a single passage in Hamlet, and I have done.

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason.

Mr. Dyce very properly disposes of the conjecture of

Mr. Gifford; but it is not quite clear how he would himself read the passage. I submit that the true reading is,

Which might deprive of sovereignty your reason.

Mr. Collier's manuscript-corrector here, as in many other places where his aid is most wanted, affords us no assistance.

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